













# The Port's Corner.

Written especially for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

THE HOMEWARD.

BY F. STANLEY, M. D.

The white and stately farmhouse stands

Where two roads run together.

A stretch of long red barn beyond,

And a field of golden wheat.

Up and through the public house,

Shadows of the cherry,

And in the apple orchard near.

The birds are ever merry.

The background is a dense pine wood

Through which the lowing cattle roam.

We wandered far but found no spot

So lovely as this old home.

Still brightly fall the sunbeams on

The well-remembered meadows,

And through the wooded knoll beyond

Still glows and dances the shadow.

And smiling down the garden path

The singing brooklet glances,

Where in a dim departed time

I wore my childish frock.

But when the thought-compelling mist

Through thronging elms from the past

Has cleared of feeling,

Beloved faces loom and gleam

Some gather without number

Not gathered far, and some laid down

To their eternal slumber.

And other and more beautiful

Than all his night's sweet mystery.

Are in the cherub's light

And in the dawn of glory.

Oh, woe, like long-lashed music waked,

Come back to the river!

And on thy face the smile I dreamed

Had passed from this world.

I feel thy soul and loving hand

Meat of all our caring.

Why sweetly rise through the night

The soft-lit face of my mother.

Oh, mother, that the dream were true,

Through sorrow, care, and trouble past.

And from the dawn of glory

At rest beneath that cherub's gleam.

There yesterday a little time

Upon your grave I stood.

I found across the once-loved name

The many names of my mother.

And passing through that place

Among the chirping sparrows,

I saw with pain how little the space

Had given between the graves.

One after on each headstone

I read with awe and lowly breath

The many words of my mother.

The last names of my mother.

And to the tones of the dead

The heedless living heard.

And underneath their laughing tread

Dark everywhere the shadows

To each a moment's gleam

The fiddles come to quiver.

The joyous pulse on the heart

Rolls back through the years

Not summer, winter, day or night,

From there are more to come.

Not pleasure, luxury, or ease

Not prodigious wealth's diadem.

The spring and harvest shall not cease,

Not summer dew and shower.

For ever over the drifted snow

The winter snows shall fall.

And the sun and moon upon their round

Shall never cease to fall.

The stars shall never cease to burn—

Fair lamps on God's altar—

Eternal, but, as the stars,

The mountain mist or ocean foam

Roll back through the years

Will you and I with all our hearts

For long our voyage.

For I think I shall be to the further shore

For I shall be to the further shore

# AN AIR-CASTLE.

BY ELIZABETH ABBE ALLEN.

I built a house of my youthful dreams

In a sunny and pleasant nook.

Where I might listen, the whole day long

To the voice of the gurgling brook.

A cottage, with wide and airy rooms

And broad and shining floors.

A house with the chimneys of home

And the freedom of outdoor life.

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# A RACE FOR LIFE.

THE MESSAGE.

"My dear friend, I am delighted to see

you," exclaimed my friend M. C.

as he stepped forward to greet me.

I had come on a visit to his home

in the town of New England.

M. C. was a man of high character

and had invited me to go down for a week.

After the usual interval of dressing

we went down to the river.

There was a light in the upper room

and we went up to see it.

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# OUR CHAIR.

There's a chair for you.

And a chair for you.

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